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Descriptive paragraph draft 3

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The night when I failed my project

I remember such a depressing night when I failed my major project in a writing class in last semester because of my procrastination. That project was a final draft of my personal essay and it should be uploaded on internet before 12:00 pm on Sunday. Teacher is very nice that she gave us one week to do it. However, as a habitual procrastinator, I put it off until Sunday afternoon, the day before the due date. At 5:00 pm in that afternoon, as soon as I sat down at my computer and began writing, Tony, one of my friends, invited me to play basketball with him. At that time I became excited because I hadn’t played basketball for a long time since my foot injured last month. I lied to myself “I still have a lot of time to finish my assignment, don’t worry now” and I went to the gym with Tony, and then had dinner with my friends. At 8:00 pm I returned to my dorm, after taking a shower, I could not help fall asleep because I was so tired. When I woke up at 12:00 am I realized in an instant panic, that I hadn’t finished my project. All my hope was gone at that moment. It was a major project worth many points and I had lost them all because of a stupid decision and now failed the class. However, it was too late for me to consider all these things and I was felt so regretful about it. I realized that I shouldn’t put my assignment in the last day; I shouldn’t tell myself the word “I still have time to do it”. I clearly recall and regret greatly the embarrassing day which is the very reason that I am still writing paper like this one. I am now re-taking this writing class, this time in the summer when – if I hadn’t procrastinated so much and so often- I actually should be playing basketball instead of writing paper.